

**Barney O'Flaherty's
RHYMES
of
Rolling Prairies**

YAWBLOOD O. A.

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Barney O'Flaherty's
RHYMES
OF
Rolling Prairies

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

**In placing the second edition with additions
before the public, we made no attempt at
arrangement, because of the diver-
sified spirit of many, but most
to them will be found to
explain themselves.**

THE AUTHOR

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THE GRAMAPHONE SURPRISE PARTY,

*held at Len and Ber Witherby's,
Winter of 1908.*

Come 'long the road allowance,
O'er Poplar Hill
Caught a sight of something,
Gave my heart a thrill.
Just a glint of lamplight,
But quite enough to show
Doings done at Witherbys,
Surprises as you know.

Coming long the corner stake,
Crossing Township brook,
Just can't help a goping,
Though I rather wouldn't look.
Stove-pipe, on the house-top,
Smoking strong, I sees,
They're warming up the lumber shack,
At gallant Witherby's.

Coming 'long the old trail
Over stubble land.
Cannot help a listening
Though it don't sound very grand.
How gently in the anti-room
The music's wont to flow.
They're winding up the Gramophone,
As records come and go.

Coming 'long the willow slough,
Passing near a tree

Cannot help a thinking
Of a life that's wild and free.
Guess I'll get a logging job
Say good-bye and go
And keep a little gramophone,
For passers to and fro.

REPLIES SENT TO MR. ROSE OF LIMERICK
While a student at Trinity College, Dublin.

My dear little Rose,
When may I suppose,
That, that day full of luck,
Will bring me that duck.
That your kind heart and true,
Faithfully promised to me,
E'er I crossed the blue sea.

My dear little Rose,
Why do you pose,
As a poet sublime,
With diction so frail and alas for the Rhyme,
Poor Austin, now justly from henceforth may shake
And the ducks from the Roses for ever may quake,
Why should you think of a duck that was blind
Maimed and unsavoury, why truly unkind,
If your gun and your dog have lost the old trail,
Then ply the old adage, "shake salt on its tail";
But if your promise to me you will keep,
Then send me a duck and sweet be your sleep.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

*Lines written on Rob Porter and Bessie Miller
Urney Cloneygowan, Kings County, Ireland.*

There's a house in our midst, it stand on a hill,
 'Tis the home of a maiden with blushes that thrill,
The youths, who would woo the fairest of girls,
 With houses and lands and natural curls.

This maiden so fair with glances of fire,
 Once claimed for her beau, the son of a sire;
Now Bessie and Robert, for these were their names,
 Were one in heart, in purpose and aims.

Till alas, on a day as I venture to guess,
 Poor Bobbie was robbed of his own dearest Bess,
By a gallant young man, who, had whispered in truth,
 Your a darling sweet girl and the joy of my youth.

I love you for cattle, for houses and land,
 And for everything else that this voice will command,
They're yours till to-day but mine from to-morrow,
 With such plenty in store, we'll never know sorrow.

It chanced Robert found out the state of the case,
 And he sighed, as he said "My steps shall ne'er trace,"
The walks in her beautiful garden of flowers,
 The rest in the seats and the kiss in the bowers.

Now oft on a day, when he passes her door,
 As memories return, he says we're no more,
And the saddest thing that appears to the scene,
 Is always of Bess and what might have been,

THE EDMONTON ALDERMEN 1913.

Don't read this paper in the ordinary way,
Without doing some thinking for yourself every day,
but read between the briefest spaces,
for we'll tear the mask from many faces.

Then pluck the weeds in your city den
and throw out your dirty aldermen,
who would not be known in this world, so fair,
If you had not helped put them there,

For the scruff of the earth and the scum of sea,
Are in Alberta — we plainly see,
And the ruff of the scruff are sometimes the knob,
Who often hunts for an alderman's job.
Otherwise there voice would not be heard in our ears,
Nor their ignorant cheek in a thousand years.

The Indian summer draweth near
The glory of our charming year.
The golden sheaf is yet untied, that
Spreads our fame both far and wide
But soon will be securly bound
To roll our praise the world around.

The deepest truths and the greatest blessing
Are hid within the simple homeliness of common life.

People very highly respected are rarely of little
use for any thing else.

So many men now wield the pen
Who should be herding cattle

And many of our Aldermen
Who should be loading gravel.

So many Skates are filling dates
As Hamlet and Othello,
Who ought to rush and get a brush
And paint a cowshed yellow.

Of eleven men it seems that ten to wrong trades
Are committed, we seldom find a man whose grind is that
for which he is fitted.

Thus Knight's and Peers are auctioneers
And blacksmiths are musicians
And gifted bards are spading yards
And grocers are physicians.

W. J. McNAMARA.

Mayor of Edmonton 1914.

Our Gallant Mayor is in great despair
Because now and then his troubles arise from his bad
Aldermen.

But he likens them all without any fail
To a pack of grey wolves on a long lonely trail.
So he takes a trip east and then a trip south
And none will suppose what it's all been about,
But it looks that just now he prefers being away
To the ill favored worries of Driscoll and May.
There is Joe we all know whom he took to his heart,
But the nearest and dearest must sometimes depart,
And Deputy Jim from the work can who sprung,

While he's in the chair, sure he must hold his tongue.
Let the City rejoice then without any doubt
For we'll all get our own when these grafters fall out.

ALBERTA.

The Spring and Summer fill every bower
With the greatest plenty of sun and shower.
So here's to the land of oil and wheat,
That's got every state in the Union beat;
E'en on the rolling prairie of the West
Truth as of old is a charming guest,
And those that search for her will find
Treasures boundless to the mind
And her sweet sister wisdom fair,
Doth joy to meet her everywhere.

POST CARD TO MRS. PORTER

*of 11 Landsdowne Ter. when requested to give her
an address.*

The home address, Four, Dartmouth Square,
But as she is not always there,
A letter to her town house sent
Her whereabouts may find at length.

THE SAXON.

Come one, come all!
And learn the truth about us all,
From whence did come our Saxon stock?
Who rule the wave and climb the rock,

Whose sons were born to command
The lesser breeds of every land,
Whose love of truth and justice gave
Twenty million to free the slave.
Our ships are found in every sea,
For glory, honor and liberty.

And now farewell to Leslie's Mac,
We give you the bag, but not the sack,
And pray your acceptance of this small token,
That memories here shall ne'er be forgotten,
So as the nearest and dearest must part,
We say, "Farewell" with an aching heart.

Farewell, Mr. Spink,
For whom we all sigh,
Our hearts almost sink,
As our lips say, "Good-bye."

JOHN O'ALSTON.

John Oxendem Alston, why should you be shy,
With the look of good cheer and a light laughing eye;
If looks such as yours led some to suppose,
That benevolent looks might speak a propose.

Then John, dearest John, you possess the gift, rare
But with a mind such as yours it will never ensnare,
The Lilies or Roses, that bloom by the way,
For John Oxendem Alston will ne'er go astray.

A RECEIPT FOR CURING A FRACTURED
HORSE BONE.

*Lines sent to Mrs. Rathorne, Dunsany, Co., Dublin
by Mr. John O'Alston.*

To learn from your card, I greatly regret,
That you and Mavoureen are badly upset,
If the bone is as bad as your pen did describe,
A plaster of paris, I now would prescribe.

Must I still onward, onward go?
Life's solemn journey to pursue,
And can I never, never know?
Why gates are barred, I can't undo?

Why some to me so loved and dear,
Have trod life's rough and thorny road,
And rarely heard a word to cheer
The contrite soul beneath its load.

To me it seems as if they saw
The human smile the Master gave,
And heard His voice so sweetly say,
With me you'll dwell beyond the grave.

POST CARD SENT TO MY COUSIN,
*Henry Joly, Esq., Milgrove House, Rathangan County,
Kildare, on the receipt of a wild goose.*

The goose has come, though deaf and dumb,
Is welcome, all the same.
So here's a health, to your dog and gun,
And thanking you again.

LETTER SENT TO FRED. TOWNES, ESQ.,
Coronation August, 1912.

Dear Sir:

A ten dollar draft in this lettter I send,
And hope to the fence, you'll kindly attend,
Securing each post in the earth very strong,
With hammer and staples as you pass along.

Your letter has filled me with sudden dismay,
And shocked me with awe in regard to the Hay,
For your arguments, many have "felled" me complete,
And paled my complexion, as white as a sheet.

A fence never grew on land. you'll avow,
And none were then there, we both will allow,
The prairie is wide to range and to sow,
Then the crime can't be greater, to graze or to mow.

And now we will close this heated debate,
Like judgment in future, we'll leave it to fate,
Trusting the fence you'll make very strong,
And in Love and good friendship we'll live very long.

When at your convenience, you may answer this, letter,
I trust that your temper will be somewhat better,
And of haying and fencing, we'll sing with delight,
Like some happy dreams of a midsummer night. ..

DOMINION ELECTIONS 1911.

Vox Populii, Vox Dei.

"Vox populii Vox dei." Let us all sing,
And throughout our Dominion, let the chant ring;
That the voice of the people is the voice of God,
And the choice of the people is the choice of the Lord.

From East unto West, now let the news spread;
That corruption is broken, its leaders are fled;
For the Angel of light, to our joy and delight,
Has scattered them all on the Twenty-first night.

For the white plumes are gone and we're joyful with song
Come Thanksgiving and praise from every tongue;
For the traitors to all that was truest and best,
Have died in the bait they laid in the West.

"Vox populii Vox dei," let us all sing,
And throughout our Dominion, let the shout ring,
That the voice of the people is the voice of God;
And the choice of the people is the choice of the Lord.

LINES WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH

*In the Motor accident of Mrs. William Lines and
Miss Dorothy Gifford, when the Motor ran
into the Winnipeg Express on Oct. 3, 1913,
after they had dined at the Empire Hotel
and were on their way to the Empire Ball.*

The city it doth mourn and the friends they stand
aghast

For the Comedy's a tragedy like many others past

So toll the bell "who stand afar," the funeral is here
Another milestone on the road for "Society" this year.

Come all you ball room simplens and you dainty dinner
few

With your most lamented farewells and your very last
adieu,

And place the dear departed in their sacred graveyard lot,
For the beauty and the blossom will shortly be forgot.

But the Babe will yet remember from beneath the hire-
lings face

That there had been no tragedy if Mother was in her
place,

For the ballroom and the dinner and perhaps the auto
too

Have robbed me of a mother which our home would never
do.

But "Society" is heartless, be it high or be it low,
That would orphan me so cruelly for all their gaudy show
And leave me in my lonely cot to fret and cry apace,
For they have killed my mother and I'll never see her face

RHYME AND REASON FOR WHITE LUNCH CAFE.

I'll tell you what the people say
Who buy and eat three times a day,
That *White Lunch Cafe* is the place
For all the Epicurean race.

It's cakes and biscuits, I adore,
Rich fruits and vegetables galore,

For *White lunch* counters daily shine
With luscious dainties mighty fine.

It's here you'll find the choicest meals,
So no more kicks and no more squeals,
For *White Lunch* cooks are of the best,
With nothing better, East or West.

Who largely buys can freely sell,
And with good *service*, serve you well;
Then *White Lunch* is the place to dine
On luscious dainties, mighty fine.

THIS POEM WAS SUGGESTED
at the threshing of Messrs. Witherby's grain, November
1907, by some very original remarks of Mr. Bernard
Witherby on that occasion.

From south of Britains glorious Tweed,
Where once Barnardo Winklereid
The hero of my tragic tale,
Was first tossed headlong on life's gale.

He started cross the ocean's track
And landed then in Chiliwack,
Where after passing brush and brine,
He faithfully did feed the swine.

Just as the prodigal of yore,
Who thought upon a foreign shore,
Of friends so far and yet so good,
That never lacked their daily food.

At last," said he, with rare alert,
 "I'll bid my tracts for brave Alberta
So with his bundle and good cheer,
 He started in the self-same year.

He bought a team of heavy greys,
 From Mr. Bange near Mr. Haise,
And said without a hie or huff,
 I'll drive my team to willow Bluff."

And on the hilltops of the prairie,
 "I'll sow my grain and reap it early,
For with such wit as mine, you know,
 I'll show the slocums how to go.

So here he turned his first touch of sod,
 With many a dissapointing nod,
Said Barney, with good British cheer,
 "'Tis nothing to what I shall have next year."

Then walking with a manly stride,
 He cast his grain both far and wide,
And said again with British cheer,
 "'Tis nothing to what I shall have next year."

He reaps his grain and stacks it high,
 While neighbors envy him and sigh,
But he said again, with British cheer,
 "'Tis nothing to what I shall have next year."

I am slow to say what all this cost,
 It was gently nipped by an early frost,
But he said again with British cheer
 "'Tis nothing to what I shall have next year."

The next year came with never a fail,
And so did a thundering shower of hail,
But he said again with British cheer,
"Its nothing to what we'll have next year."

The next year came with never a doubt,
And so did that terrible summer of drought,
But Barney said, with British cheer,
"Its nothing to what we shall have next year."

The third year came and that is today,
His barns are filled with corn and hay,
And the neighbors all cried, "Oh, what shall we say,"
Why three cheers for Barney, Hip Hip, Hurrah,
Hurrah.

THE GOLD SHIELD COFFEE.

"To, every house, to every home,
The truth at last must surely come
That *Gold Shield Coffee* has come to bless,
Our homes with health and happiness."

"At Schwabacker Bros., can be seen,
This famous *Gold Shield Coffee* bean,
In one, two and three pound tins, or by the ton,
Put up at Seattle, Washington."

"The Gold Shield chaffless steel cut bean,
The like of which hath ne'er been seen,
With all its bitter chaff gone
And an aroma rare for which we long."

I'll tell you what the people say,
Who buy and drink it every day;
That *Gold Shield Coffee* is the best,
That's ever hit our glorious West."

THE LINES WERE WRITEN FOR THE
VACUUM WASHER CO.,
*and sold by the Domestic Utilities Co.,
Los Angeles, California.*

Alike to young, alike to old,
The truth to all should now be told,
That Vacuum Washers' are come to stay,
And calm our fears of washing day.

No longer on the board to rub,
Or break my back across the tub;
The Vacuum washer does the work,
I often wished that I could shirk.

No longer wait for hubby to come,
To turn the handle till its done,
Three minutes is the Vacuums' time,
And then my clothes are on the line.

Oh thank my stars, the Vacuum's here,
My wash day woes no more to fear;
But pleasure now is in its stead,
And all my wash-day worries are fled.

LINES SENT TO MY SISTER,
*Mrs. Champ, Coolegagan Park, Rathangan Co., Kildare,
Ireland, on hearing of her accident, by which her
arm was broken.*

Your card so welcome, just has come,
As evening found me straying home,
The injured member long so bad,
Shall sweetly soothe and yet make glad,
The Temple rare with lofty aims
That ne'er was reared for sordid gains.

The incident will surely prove,
A Fathers wisdom, grace and love;
Who called the storm cloud from the hill,
And in its midst said, "Peace be still,"
Trials and cares on every hand
Are His alone to plough the land.

The forbidden tree that caused the fall,
Of which we are partakers all,
Is said by most to be the first,
For which our parents long were cursed,
To own we fell and then to rise,
Is truly noble, great and wise.

RED DEER, ALBERTA.

I'll tell you with the greatest cheer,
Of our noble town that's called Red Deer.
It's on the main line just half way,
Between Edmonton and Calgary,

It's natural products are so great,
As to insure it's future state.
Here bricks are moulded from the clay,
In tens of thousands, every day.

Here coal is taken from the ground,
And every year new seams are found.
The gas and oil are hiding there,
But soon will penetrate the air.

Here wheat and barley, oats and flax,
Did never yet their store relax.
Beef and wool and eggs galore,
To feed the rich and clothe the poor.

The Canadian Northern, here will bring,
New stores and settlers for the spring.
The Alberta Central here will rest,
For there's no town better, East or West.

The saw-mills too, are running here,
The homeseeker's merry heart to cheer;
While Sylvan Lake is standing nigh,
With fish and game for all supply.

Here "Rosalind of world renown,"
Sends milk and butter to the town,
And at the cities' invitation,
They drink her health from every nation.

For "Rosalind" it is now clear,
Has spread the fame of our Red Deer;
Her milk and butter are so fine,
That infant faces always shine,

"FORT GEORGE."

Alike to young, alike to old,
The truth to all should now be told,
If at Fort George, you will invest,
Your toil shall cease and future rest.

You with calm trust and sweet repose,
Shall lift your head amidst your foes,
'Cause at Fort George, you soon will see
A marvellous activity.

Consider now this very hour,
The mighty Frazer's glorious power,
That past Fort George doth swiftly flow,
To take our commerce to and fro.

Soon will the engines run that way,
And then shall down Fort George's day,
Buy there and now, and hold them fast,
Then at Fort George your fortune cast.

THE FATE OF THE POET.

Alas? my dear friends and now I must tell,
Though painful indeed, for I love you so well,
That the fate of the poet has just been decided
And God only knows where his footsteps are guided;
So I take each brave hand and I look in each face,
And then we will part a loving embrace.

And, say as farewell slowly parts from my lips,
Don't you feel for the poets unfortunate slips,

For he wrote as the muse, then directed the dictum,
Just as a clock is impelled by the pendulum.
Farewell to you all, dear ones, adieu,
My garlands of flowers, your paths ever strew.

COOLRAVEN.

Coolraven is a dainty place,
Its here you'll find the happy race,
Their homes amongst the rush and heather,
Oh see them round their hearth-stones gather
Their happy features all aglow,
As round the comic stories go.

Their healthy industries, sober and true,
They're equally honest and virtuous, too,
For marketing ladies, none can excel.
When Honors in town, where she's known very
 well,
For a woman well skilled in the noblest art,
Is Sally so handy with whom we'll ne'er part,
For a woman so tidy, so good and so brave,
Is Nancy, the best of all neighbors we have.

MARRY.

Marry? oh that's the crowning of love I guess,
When you're calm and thoughtful and not in a fuss,
It isn't all money that you will require,
Its grit, some wit and the old fashioned fire.
When you put down your heels, you take hold with your
 toes,

And spring to the front, regardless of foes,
And say, as each step lands you further along,
The world is a stage and life is a song.

Learn where to buy and how to sell
Your making when saving, I venture to tell,
To furnish a house, is no practical joke,
For where shall we go, ask most of the fold.
Mother has said, that the Firm she'd commend,
To furnish throughout, was Cook and Townshend.
They have fifty years standing and tested by all,
So what do you say, if tomorrow we call.

IN MEMORIAM.

*"O for the touch of a vanished hand,
Or the sound of a voice that is still."*

Lord Jesus thou hast taken,
One from our midst so dear,
Unto Thyself in Heaven,
O, how we miss her here.

Her soul on Thee reclining,
In every walk of life,
By Thine own grace refining,
O, how she bore the strife.

She toiled of late 'midst sadness,
That sorely weighed her down,
Through Christ her joy and gladness
She won the glorious crown.

She's gone but not forgotten,
She left a memory dear,
And her heart though sadly broken,
Oft breathed a contrite prayer.

We almost see her walking
In thy woven robe of white
With all Thy saints enjoying
Thy love, joy, peace and light.

We could not mar her happiness,
To bring her back again,
Thou art the fount of righteousness,
Still cleansing sinful men.

MAN.

Oh man, in whom we still can trace,
Marred outlines of that heavenly grace,
That once in Eden's son did shine,
While he maintained the Word divine.

For man's first glimpse of heaven was seen,
'Midst Edens bowers of living green.
Yes, there in simple truth he walked,
And with his Maker daily talked.

Alas, vile disobedience led to wrong,
And Adam lost the heavenly song,
He set his Maker's word aside
As first he robbed, and then he lied.

• Oh! sons of men this lesson learn,
And to God's word again return,
And as you read you'll surely prove
His Word is truly from above.

It's just the very thing you need,
To comfort, cheer, who runs may read,
Of Christ it speaks, so plain to you,
It's with Him now you have to do.

If to thy God thou wilt return,
Take but His word and all else spurn,
"Come, search the scriptures," cried the Lord,
"For it is there you'll find my Word."

LETTER WRITTEN TO FRED TOWNS. ESQ.

Haneyville, Alberta, Canada.

Dear Sir:—

Your letter this day, I have duly received,
And from its contents am greatly agrieved.
You speak of me using the language of slang,
As "would" the vain and profane, shut the door with
a bang.

You say "as slang goes"
"There's some class you suppose,"
In what kind of a class is slang to be found?"
To me it is only the vulgar profound.

A literary choice is truly divine,
And raises mankind from the lowest to shine,

'Tis culture and grace of a poetic fire,
Gives the loftiest aim and the truest desire.

A thief, you suggest has entered my house,
Let us hope he found naught but a trap and a mouse,
If of goods and of shattle, he has taken apart,
May the Lord send conviction to sadden his heart.

Till he own the great wrong to the poor he hath done,
And forgiveness he claims e'er judgment doth come,
E'er his o'portune now and for ever be fled,
And this deed seal his doom with the lost and the dead.

Now thanks to the Lord for this sunshine and rain,
To water the seed and ripen the grain,
Let us all then rejoice in the time honoured tale,
That seed time and harvest shall never fail.

While the grass is too green for, the prairie to catch,
In haste to my straw strike gentle a match,
And when I shall hear that gone is the yellow
I'll let you know further as to the fallow.

The fatal old dope called poison so scant,
I'll pay for it all if you'll carefully plant.
Three times in each hole this season so fair,
So depart then in peace and never despair.

"THE MUSE."

The muse has pscended, the Poet can see,
The writings begun and signed by us three,
And in these few lines, he'll fairly review
Their hash as it stands, and show unto you.

How poor and how feeble has been the attempt:
On the part of these sages to treat with contempt:
The Poet whose poems are truly sublime,
And whose mission to sing, is almost divine.

THE PACK.

Alberta Election 1913.

I'll tell you what the people say
Who read about us every day,
That Duncan Marshall, Sifton, Cross,
Are but the Dago's empty dross.

They do not represent the stock
Who rule the wave and climb the rock,
But only echo in their boast,
The unlettered aliens mighty host.

How long then shall their power beguile,
This glorious land 'neath Heaven's smile,
And chatter o'er our simple people,
Like sparrows quarrelling in the steeple.

There's honest Frank with his cash in Bank,
Who 'mongst the first in our Western rank,
A noble statesman truly born,
Whom no honest man will dare to scorn.

"THE SNOW."

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Over the mountain and vale below,
Over the housetops, and over the street,
Alike 'neath the swain and the lady's feet.

It falls on the prince and it falls on the beggar,
Since the world began, its been partial to neither,
It teaches one great irresistable truth,
The learning of which becomes practical worth.

That God, to all races of men, He is kind,
From Afric's dark son to Europe's refined;
He tempers the blast to the gentle, we're told,
And hardens the grain for the mill to unfold.

The flour from the wheat, that the poor may be fed,
With a constant supply, of the life-saving bread,
He prepareth the hospitals, fitted so rare,
With doctors and nurses, the fevered to care.

He's laid up the fuel, in the heart of the earth,
With its light and its heat, the sun He's called forth,
He's bestowed on mankind, an intelligence high,
For He's Lord of creation beneath the blue sky.

Like springs in the desert, our children He sendeth,
Light beaming midst darkness in glory it endeth,
He leadeth the simple by ways they ne'er knew,
That more of His glory, to them He might shew.

JENNIE CANUCK.

Domenion Election 1911.

Oh, Jennie Canuck, how can you stand by,
A blush on your cheek and a wink in your eye,
With your mother so far and your uncle so near
And the boys all around with awestruck fear.

Saying, 'how shall we vote for our country and God
And husbands the produce we raise from the sod?
Reserve to our sons our heritage rare —
Our timber, our produce and valleys so fair.

Said Jennie, "the cash is all that I see,
And fields far away look green unto me;
Just take down the tariff and get the high price,
For freighting both ways don't cut any ice."

Said Jack, "that's the first of the business called stealing,
To pay for the curing and hauling and milling;
Here's Tom and Bill, they won't work on the land,
If there was a mill, sure they'd lend a hand."

The price may be higher in lands far away —
And who'll pay the freight on the cars both ways,
And what shall we do for the offal for hogs? —
If we part with our best we'll have naught for the dogs

Shall we be so lost to our national pride
That for cash far away we will thus turn aside,
And render the tale of the brick every day
As slaves of the nation away, far away?"

LAURIER BEWARE?

Domenion Election 1911.

Laurier? Laurier? Beware of the day
When Borden shall meet you in Battle array;
For a field of dead beats rush red in my sight,
And your clans of corruption are scattered in flight.

The proud Grits are boasting, insulting our aims,
By hauling your products right out of our logs,
They're milling our wheat: and sawing our logs,
They're chilling our beef: and curing our hogs.

So a backyard we soon for Chicago shall be:
Then alas? and alas? for the land of the free.
So we'll chop in the bush, and hang on to the plow,
For that is the best that our land will allow.

Their smokestacks then will rise higher and higher:
Oh boys, it is fearful to, perish by fire;
But fiercer by far, is the tale to be told
Of the price our industrial products were sold.

For its simple and plain, and everyone knows
That cities will thrive where industry goes;
And then we will prove, what none can deny,
How guilty the fingers who dipped in the pie.

But hark? through the fast flashing lightning of war
What steed from the south flies frantic afar?
'Tis a horseman, whose rider with loud exclamation,
Declaring abroad for uor annexation.

ALBERTA'S POLITICAL PACT. 1913.

Come Sifton, we will sift you, e'er ever come the day,
That trickery and dodgery should have its right of way,
Your impotence and foolery no longer will we stand,
But rid the earth forever of your Bally-hooley band.

A liberal cosmogery, none ever can gainsay;
A Rutherford, a Marshall, a Cross or a MacKay
With a mixture of an Oliver none can dispute,
So that some one of your quartette must tootle on the
flute.

From a squalid bunch of fighter there never came relief,
So I feel my little Arthur you're coming to your grief,
If 'twixt your two stools you meet with any loss,
And in your old shoes stand our most holy Cross.

He'll dinker and don, right spinker and span,
No mention of water-ways, he, if he can,
But show what a friend he is to the poor,
For his charity's great to the bar and the whore.

If we had no bar, thus we had no whore,
No trade in white slavery then to deplore,
But cursed be the law with its legalized vice,
And a Cross at the head with his padding device

As the whore and the bar have their friends, by the score,
Then they'll follow a Cross as never before;
Wrong ne'er becomes right, though 'twere said by
MecKay,
But time will disclose when we have to pay,

We have shocked our friends and neighbors at the men-
tion of the whore,
But the sages in all the ages did this warning word im-
plore;
So damn the law that rules the bar, with all its destitutes,
Who spread so many lunatics and helpless prostitutes.

We once loved noble virtues ways,
We played like you in childhood's days;
Our happy homes once bright and fair,
We dare not show our faces there.

In simple trust, we were beguiled,
So close the bar and save the child,
For though unguarded once we fell
The bar has stamped us now for hell.

No bar? Yes our jails and penitentiaries would vanish
from the land,
And our children and their offspring would another
world command;
So gather in your thousands, and clear them right away,
And prove your words by actions, upon the polling day.

With the great and the free, there is never a strife
That political creeds create in this life;
Oh! that parties and creeds and the quartette to fore
Might now and henceforth be heard of no more.

WRITTEN ON SEEING CARLOADS

*of foreigners brought into Edmonton to support the
the present Sifton Ministry, these had no legal vote
but motorloads of them were taken from "poll"
to "poll" to outvote the Saxon and thereby
sustain the Sifton government in power,
1913.*

Oh they come, they come
For Sifton and Cross, what a glorious hum,
They fill the street, they line the bar,
So we'll ride our legislature car.

Another special to New York,
And finish all our dirty work,
Thus bring the money from afar,
And ride our legislature car.

* * *

If we could find one word of praise
For railways, phones and waterways,
Our lost credit gone afar
Then hurrah for our legislature car!

But millions, millions we're in debt,
Seven hundred and forty thousands never heard of
yet,
These are the people that we are,
So we'll ride our legislature car.

I'll pledge my faith in a God of right,
Whose word and will are our only might,

That an aggrendizer thus so far
Sha'nt ride our legislature car.

But cursed be the man of gold or brains,
Who'd buy my vote for his highest gains,
And blast my hopes of near and far
To ride his legislature car.

I'll curse him now and curse him then,
I'll damn his soul and all his ken,
E'er he should ever "cross the bar,"
Or ride the legislature car.

W. J. MAGRATH,
Mayoralty Candidate for the City of Edmonton, 1913.

And who or sakes is brave JOE CLARKE?
We own and recognize his bark.
The Bubs and Pools throughout the Town,
Know best his claim and fair renown.

He'll dignify the City's fame,
And advertise his glorious name,
By getting in then earest mire,
And thawing dirt, "His fowl" desire.

And as to Billy Short, now then
That he should rule the City pen,
For by your company you are known,
And here it is too plainly shown.

A railway Lawyer is unfit,
As an impartial judge to sit;

So let us have what's just and fair,
An unfettered and impartial Mayor.

I'll tell you there'll be coming wrath,
Unless your chair be great, Magrath,
And give our people just relief,
By making him the City Chief.

For here's a man with sound back-bone,
And ability, we all must own,
Whose wisdom, courage, judgment fair,
Will always dignify the chair.

LINES

written to a young Lady about to enter a Convent.

Hail! holy maid, whose heart doth swell
With righteous joy, Christ's love to tell,
Why walk inside the Convent Wall
And leave poor souls by sin to fall.

In this cold world, where sin doth reign,
We cry: Oh, leave those walls again.
Come, help your sister, leave the street,
And turn her feet, your Lord to meet.

Yes, clasp her wretched hand in thine,
And read so plain the tale divine
Of Christ the Lord upon the cross,
Who, counting all His glory dross.

That He, to men o'er every nation,
Might offer a complete salvation;

He cried: Oh come to the fountain of forgiveness
And I will send the spirit's witness.

Oh, taste and see it is my word,
Why not poor sinner, trust your Lord;
He died, that all might be forgiven,
He longed to turn our hell to heaven.

Sister, why walk inside that door
To live in peace for evermore,
When, to those wakened from sins sleep,
The Saviour said: "Oh feed my sheep."

How many souls in tears do cry,
Oh, ye that live, "Behold we die,"
We languish lost to all that's true
Wilt thou, pure sister, leave us too?

We once loved noble virtue's ways,
We played like you in childhood's days,
Our happy home once bright and fair,
We dare not show our faces there.

Our hearts, though seared by passions wild,
Entreat thy prayer so undefiled.
Come, kneel beside a wretched frame,
And for thy Lord a lost soul claim.

You'll prove His word more really true
Than all the penance you can do,
You'll take some wheat by tares kept down
To shine as diamonds in your crown.

THE FARMER.

Written to Len' Witherby, Haneyville, Alberta, Canada.

So you, like banished Adam are delving in the soil,
And praying that this harvest shall reward your honest
toil,

God bless the worthy farmer, who trudges on the trail,
Who often sighs, Alas, for drought, for frost. for wind
and hail.

And having 'scaped these many plagues, your barns full
of wheat,

You sigh again with prices low, it's sure to go: "The farmer must be beat."

So listen then, you farmers with your rough neck and
hands,

You're the mighty bone and muscle of our glorious prairie
lands.

Our comforts are many, whilst yours are of the few,
Without the brawny famer, what would our cities o?
You are the hardy miner who raise the golden grain,
And joy to see our cities as the sailor on the main.

Then go ahead, you farmers, why should you then despair.

You raise our bread and butter, which is our daily fare.
Though still lie banished Adam you're delving in the
soil,

And pray that every harvest shall reward your honest
toil.

THE JURY.

Alas! Alas! Why did I say,
With truncheon bold, I'd guard the way
My country's summons, now has come,
And calls me to the jury room.

For every oath I there shall swear,
The twelft of twelve guineas, I shall share,
And bless my country's noble cause,
That calls me thus to enforce her laws.

THESE LINES ON A POST CARD

*were sent to Miss Gibson of Charlesville Co., Dublin,
on the receipt of a card of invitation.*

Your invitation now so rare,
Found me here at noonday fare,
The old time friends. I felt quite lost,
But revived again by this day's post.

Your "At Home" days, I notice well,
And way there nothing mar the spell,
Of those sublime and happy hours
'Mid genial friends and blooming flowerers.

"RIPPINGALE."

Rippingale was jubilant, Rippingale was gay!
He'd beat the man who'd beat him, but in quite a different way.

There'd been a vulgar scuffle and poor Rip had got sore
bones,
But now — he's full of merriment, he's had the Law of
Jones.

Perhaps the Honours not so great as Rippingale could
think,
When a Thousand pounds of damages to Twenty-five can
sink!
'Tis the method of the Methodist to passively resist
If you hit back with an action, well, you do not hurt your
fist.
So go your way rejoicing, O, honest Ripplinge,
The world may smile, but you have won, and fuller is
your till.
But don't forget, Resister, the existence of the saw,
"The man has started down the hill who salves his
wounds with Law."

"THE AUTO REPAIRS."

*Written for Hugh Smith, Calgary, by his special request
as he had been charged too high for his auto
repairs.*

As I sweep through the streets and the squares to the
park,
In the fresh early dawn like the song of the lark.
Oh! there is nothing so grand in this western wile,
Like the swift flying hum of my automobile.

With the sun streaming own from the realms above,
And the bracing cool breeze as I round the next curve,

Scarce looking aside or counting a mile,
As I fly through the land in my automobile.

And my friends and my foes say with envy and pride,
'Tis cheaper and faster in autos to ride,
But it's painful indeed to be chaffed by their jeers,
With our "So called mechanic's" out here for repairs.

Now just run your car in the garage o'er there,
In the hands of those amateur guys for repair,
And after they have hammered and broken and mended
Its long useful days on the prairie are ended.

The mail brings the bill in a very short while,
And you wonder and stare with a very dry smile
For the student mechanics they have in the west,
Break and repair and charge for the rest.

Oh !this is a truth that soon will be seen,
Consider and stop e'er you buy a machine,
For your neighbors won't envy you any high airs,
When they know what it costs for your auto repairs.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTION.

I remember, I remember,
How the years have now fled,
It was early in September,
E'er Autumn tints were shed,
E'er the silver dew did sparkle,
Like a gem upon the ground;
'Twas a reaping of the harvest
That my first love, I found.

Her name was Jennie Thompson,
Oh, how my soul doth fill
As memories returning,
Make every fibre thrill,
With golden recollections
Of days now passed away;
When Jennie was my darling,
So fair, so blithe, so gay.

I think of the dearest, sweetest,
Of our happy, happy walks,
Of our childlike recollections,
And our loving little talks.
Of strolling through the meadows,
Forgetting to return,
While your Mother's dainty tea cakes,
Were often left to burn.

"MY WATCH-DOG."

Written on the ranch near Haneyville, Alberta.

Oh, Curly first and Burley last,
Lo, all your days on earth are past,
You came 'mid winters snow and frost,
And by your death, our watch-dogs' lost.

You were a rough and kindly brute,
Though very clean, not extra cute,
Your genial, noble, loving nature
Made us a most companionable creature.

Always good, though rarely wise,
You never posed in other guise,
And if on eggs, you sometimes fed,
You always bowed your guilty head.

And so your death, we do deplore
Lament and grieve for ever more.
For dear old Curley Burley's gone
And so in tears, I end my song.

THE ATLAS.

*These lines were written while in Cook and Townshend's
Liverpool, as there was some dispute over the Libra-
ry Committee buying an Atlas with their
surplus money.*

Ye friends of the Atlas, oh, never despair,
For your gift is accepted, 'tis priceless and rare,
Containing so much that is truly profound,
From an ocean, so great to a small little mound.

Thanks to your wisdom, who placed in our hands,
The outlines and boundaries of far distant lands.
The rivers, the mountains, the islands and lakes,
The deserts, the forests and land of earthquakes.

The mountains of snow, so barren, and so cold,
Where rocks are of silver and sands are of gold,
Though you've parted our money, we dare not dislike
For now we can see the best way to Klondike.

We thank you again and respectfully bow,
That your literary choice, we can justify now.
And doff our old hats, when we pass in the street,
To the buyers of our geographical treat.

WRITTEN FOR AN EDMONTON REAL ESTATE
GENTLEMAN,
who was interested in Tofield, Alberta.

Alike to old, alike to young,
The truth is moving every tongue,
That Tofield is the place to buy,
So cease to toil and cease to sigh.

For with calm trust and sweet repose,
Shall lift your head amidst your foes.
'Cause at Tofield you soon shall see,
Some marvels and great inustry.

Consider now this very hour,
The natural gases' mighty power,
That at Tofield, hath just been found,
And blazes high above the ground.

The oil wells too, are hiding there,
But soon' will penetrate the air,
Buy there and now and hold them fast,
Then at Tofield, your fortunes cast.

POST CARD WRITTEN IN REPLY
*to Mrs. George Gibson, then of Charleville Co., Dublin,
who apologized for keeping the Canadian Maps,
sent to her by mail.*

The maps, charts and illustrations
Of oceans, wastes and fertile nations,
Of rivers, lakes and lofty mountains
With burning sands and palmy fountains.

Were to you given and not lent,
They freely came, were freely sent,
Costing naught but thanks you know,
"Return!" you say. I say bestow.

Bestow, I mean pass on, you see
All rivers flow into the sea.
Blessing the lands through which they pass,
And cheering homes of lad and lass.

Bestow, pass on, in heaven's plan,
To mould and build the mind of man.
To take and break his will sublime,
And fit him for a holier clime.

KILLARNEY.

*Written on the departure of J. O. Alston for a holiday
to Killarney.*

Your post card here,
With party cheer,
Has stirred my inclination,

Killarney, Oh Killaney, has caught my imaginations.

It bids me sing the praises,
Of its mountains and its loughs,
And its waterfalls that tinkle,
As they tumble from the rocks.

Your scenery is grand,
But your space is very small,
So here's a single greeting,
To your party, one and all.

"ANGELINA."

They were sitting close together,
In a pleasant shady nook,
They looked at one another
With a longing, loving look.
When Edwin broke the silence,
And with emotion shook;
As he softly, softly whispered,
"Angelina, can you cook."

His anxious face grew tranquil,
Angelina answered, "Yes,"
His thoughts (of well cooked dinners)
No language could express.
His hand sought Angelina's,
In a lingering caress,
Then, he said: "Oh! Angelina
Did you make or buy that dress."

Edwin's heart grew, ah, so joyful,
For she always made her frocks,
And lightly strayed his fingers,
Over Angelina's looks,
While they gaze upon the roses,
The Pinks and Hollyhocks.
Then again he summoned courage
"Could you knit a pair of socks?"

Poor Cupid, near them hovered,
And he listened in dismay;
Said he: "I'm out of fashion,
I am only in the way."
Out of prints, the old, old story,
Self holds universal sway.
Then she wept as Edwin whispered:
"Angelina, name the day!"

"THE FATE OF THE PIE."

Written in Liverpool 1898.

About Jubilee Eve. in C. and T's Hall,
While twilight was waning and shadows did fall.
'Twas the end of the week and all its work done
When the boys and the girls were hilarious with fun.
As of old, with each other they now did all vie,
For he would be hero that ate Auntie's Pie.
So Tatham, a youth from the Wales of the North,
The capture had made and was hasting it forth.
When Auntie appeared, like a ghost on the scene,
In presence sublime, but austere as a Queen.

"Ha, now," she cried, "Oh, it won't be so long
And with me you will march to see Mr. John
And there I will prove what none can deny
That you have no right to eat Shop-walker's pie".

The morning has come and Auntie arose
And straight to the Office with Tatham she goes,
A'whirling her parasol over his head.
"No more shop-walker's pie for you," she said.
"So here is the dish, Sir, and all that remains,
Justice and honour are all my claims,
If you'll put a stop to this impudent thief
Both Super and I will feel instant relief,
And enjoy our chick dinner, beef supper and pie,
With a hearty good relish, which none should deny.

But lo! while Auntie with calm voice was speaking,
She heard in the distance a laughing and shieking.
It came through the passage that leads to the Hall,
For a writing had strangely appeared on the wall
As the voices continued to rise on the air,
Poor Auntie broke down in grievous despair.
She fled to her room and pulled at her bell.
"Come now, dearest Annie, come hasten and tell
If you know of the man who has written this song
And like Tatham, he'll march to see Mr. John."
Just call Mr. Shorter and show what is done.
All Auntie's and Super's, they's turned into fun.

—
LINES WRITTEN ON MEETING SOME IRISHMEN
*who had changed the spelling of their original Irish name
in the Western World.*

Should Erin's brave sons on a foreign shore tread,
Oh, ne'er be ashamed of the land you were bread,
Whatever your fortune, where ever you roam,
Be loyal and true, to the land of your home.

As sprung from the noblest race upon earth,
How can you deny the land of your birth,
With all its beautiful rivers and lakes,
And the jolly old time at the Irish Wakes.

Oh pensive I grow, and graver I feel,
As the pen of a poet I seriously wield,
To tell of the purpose so sacred, now fled
And the tombs that still mark, where our heroes lie
dead.

Remember the deeds that our forefathers wrought,
When our lands were laid waste by the foes of the
North,
Oh! who can forget our brave chieftains of old,
A Daniel O'Connell or Parnell so bold.

THESE LINES WERE WRITTEN ON SEEING
JOHN O'ALSTON
sleeping in the smoke room of the Hotel Cecil, Dublin.

The Angels all seeing, their vigil doth keep,
For John Oxenden Alston has just gone asleep;
Pray all who stand by that when he awake,
He henceforth and forever, their comfort partake.

That whether by night or whether by day,
John Oxenden Alston may not go astray,
May such blessing and favour, the Lord now bestow
That such ministering words from his lips may e'er flow.

That the kingdom of Jesus may largely extend,
In that part of his vineyard, his care doth so tend,
That from living and spreading the grand mighty word,
May John ever be lost in the harvest of God.

LINES WRITTEN TO MR. JOHN BOTHERA, ALBERTA,
*on learning of the birth of a son after eight years of
happy married life.*

I hasten to echo a time honoured joy
That's entered your house in the birth of a boy,
To carry your fame through the years, yet to come,
And gladden the heart and brighten the home.

'Tis a loan that is lent by the Lord of Creation,
To strengthen your faith and build up our nation,
So this youthful young mind with all its desire,
Commit to thy God, who alone can inspire.

The son he has sent in thy midst as to Ruth,
Neglect not thy rod nor slacken the truth,
For sparing the rod, you are spoiling the child,
But mercy and trust, 'twixt love will be mild.

'Tis sordid to think where cold the frame lies,
With no child of his youth to close the sad eyes,

Or never a tear on his cold cheek to shed,
Or scare a lament for the soul that is fled.

'Tis a well broken cloud or a shadow we're told,
Of respectable grief while they sigh for his gold,
And quarrel and dispute o'er each other's gains,
While in the cold ground, the plant his remains.

For cheaply sold, means cheaply bought,
What's freely got, is poorly wrought:
There is no glorious wind or soil
Can mould our life like grief or toil.

MY WHITE PLUMES.

Henry of Navarre, at the battle of Ivry said: "Follow my white plume and you will find it always in the forefront of honor." Like Henry IV, I say to you young men: —"Follow my white plume, the white hairs of sixty-nine years, and you will, I believe I can say without boasting, find it always in the forefront of honor."—Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the great gathering in Champ de Mars, Montreal, July 12, 1911.

My hair is white, said the ancient knight,
And likewise it is long;
For reasons which and others sith
Your votes to me belong.

Follow my hair! 'twill lead you where
The saw-dust wharf belong;
Where W. P. — I'm proud of he —
The Central Railway ran.

The Farmers Bank smells rather rank,
But then my hair is white;
And every Brit must follow it
As long as its in sight.

The rocks of clay on the right of way
Of the N. T. R. ignore,
Forget for me the "NIOBE"
Which must not go to war.

The Aylesworth ditch, that wonder which
Newmarket is to boöm,
You'll please forget though it isn't wet
And follow my white plume.

The crooked deals that the lid conceals:
The lid we've sat upon,
Forget you must and remember just,
That my hair is white and long.

You'll like my dress, or I'll miss my guess:
What's that? the Fielding purse?
Small trifles these, but remember please
My hair cut might be worse.

When "honest Frank" and his cash in bank
We've viewed in the Council Room,
We thought it best, being sorely pressed,
To follow my white plume.

THE WAR.

Oh, had we died untried, unproved,
And missed this hour of stress,
Praise be to God for His last gift,
The joy of steadfastness.

Wher'er our people be tonight,
Our husbands or our sons,
Tossed on the thunderbolted deep
Or bivouacked by guns,

Treading the mire of foreign lands
Or guarding our native coasts —
Be Thou our shield and comforter,
We pray Thee, Lord of Hosts.

"THE BAR".

A bar to heaven, a door to hell —
Whoever named it named it well:
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want and broken health.

A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to grief, and sin and shame,
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.

A bar to honored useful life,
A door to brawling senseless strife,
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave.

A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tear and aching hearts,
A bar to heaven, a door to hell —
Whoever named it named it well.

“REMEMBER LORD.”

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old
Thy wonders that our fathers told.
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Revive, Oh, Lord, Thy Word again.

Look down upon us from Thy skies
And see the wool pulled o'er our eyes,
The Babylonian fraud is here
Regardless of Thy truth and fear.

Then as our leaders, so are we,
Like priest, like people, as you see,
Lost to Thy grace that sets us free,
Thy loving holy liberty.

Show pity, Lord, Oh Lord, forgive,
And in our hearts Thy beauty shine,
Not what we get but what we give
That makes our wayward spirits live.

We have lost Thy truth and ancient ways.
The landmarks of our former days.
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Revive, Oh Lord, Thy works again.

Show pity, Lor, Oh Lord, forgive,
Let Thy repenting rebels live;
Revive Thy gracious truth of old,
Thy woners that our father told,

THE SIGN OF A BROKEN HEART.

I strolled one day on a busy street,
Feeling no sense of care,
And somehow fell to reading the signs
That swung in the vagrant air.
At length I came to a sign so strange
It verily made me start,
'Twas the blood, red sign of a shop for wine
In the form of a broken heart.

Amazed to find so cruel a sign
On a street in a Christian land,
I wondered what kind of a heart he had,
Who such an emblem planned;
And I looked to see in the faces 'round
Some fruitage of his mart,
Lo! many a sign of the shop for wine —
The sign of a broken heart.

A woman came — a faithful wife —
The while I stood and mused,
And led her staggering husband home
With senses all confused.
Her face was one of the saddening sights
Marking that busy mart.
'Twas the speaking sign of the shop for wine —
The sign of a broken heart.

Then came a mother seeking her boy
Whose feet had entered there.
And, O, how careworn was the face
Beneath her silvering hair;
She knew the hurt — and wore the sign

Of the busy street a part —
‘Twas the eloquent sign of the shop for wine —
The sign of a broken heart.

Not far away was a cheerless hut
By time and tempest scarred,
Where barefoot children wearing rags
Were playing in the yard;
The faces of those little ones
Were telltale like a chart,
They showed the sign of the shop for wine —
The sign of a broken heart.

I as aroused by the signs of the sad, sad eyes
Of children and mother and wife —
I knew they were made at the shop with the sign
Of the broken core of life;
And then and there in my heart I swear
As a man to do my part
Till no shop for wine could make such a sign —
The sign of a broken heart.

A HYMN OF EMPIRE.

Lord, by whose might the Heavens stand,
The Source from whence they came,
Who holdest nations in Thy hand
And call'st the stars by name.
Thine ageless forces do not cease
To mould us as of yore, —
The chiseling of the arts of peace,
The anvil-strokes of war.

Then bind our realms in brotherhood,
Firm laws and equal right,
Let each uphold the Empire's good
In freedom that unites;
And make that speech whose thunders roll
Down the broad stream of time,
The harbinger from pole to pole
Of love and peace sublime.

Lord, turn the hearts of cowards who prate
Afraid to dare or spend.
The doctrine of a narrower State
More easy to defend;
Not this the watchword of our sires
Who breathed with ocean's breath,
Not this our ancient spirit's fires,
Which nought could quench but death.

Strong are we? Make us stronger yet;
Great? Make us greater far.
Our feet Antarctic oceans feet,
Our crown the polar star;
Round earth's wild coasts our batteries speak
Our highway is the main,
We stand as guardian of the weak,
We burst the oppressor's chain.

Great God, uphold us in our task,
Keep pure and clean our rule,
Silence the honeyed words which mask
The wisdom of the fool.
The pillars of the world are thine;
Pour down Thy bounteous grace,
And make illustrious and divine
The spectre of our race.

— J. G. Scott.

HOMESICK.

O my garden, lying whitely in the moonlight and the
dew,
Far across the leagues of distance flies my heart tonight
to you;
And I see your stately lilies in the tender radiance gleam.
With the dim mysterious splendor like the angels of a
dream,

I can see the stealthy shadows creep along the ivied
wall,
And the basky depths of verdure where the drooping
vine-leaves fall.
And the tall trees standing darkly with their crowns
against the sky.
While overhead the harvest moon goes slowly sailing
by.

I can see the trellised arbor and the roses crimson glow,
And the lances of the larkspurs all glittering, row on
row,
And the wilderness of hollyhocks where brown bees
seek their spoil;
And butterflies dance all day long in glad and gay tur-
moil.

O, the broad paths running straightly north and south
and east and west;
O, the wild grape climbing sturdily to reach the auriole's
nest;
O, the bank where wild flowers blossom, ferns nod and
mosses creep,
In a tangled maze of beauty over all the wooded steep.

Just beyond the moonlit garden I can see the orchard
trees,
With their dark boughs overladen, stirring softly in the
breeze,
And the shadows on the greensward and within the
pasture bars;
The white sheep huddling quietly beneath the pallid
stars.

O, my garen, lying whitely in the moonlight and the
dew;
Far across the restless ocean flies my yearning heart to
you,
And I turn from storied castle, hoary frame and ruined
shrine
To the dear familiar garden where my own white lillies
shine.

With a vague halfstartled wonder of some night in para-
dise,
From the battlements of heaven I shall turn my long-
ing eyes
To the dim resplendant spaces and the mazy stars drift
through
To my garden lying whitely in the moonlight and the
dew.

AN IRISH WELCOME.

Shake hands with your uncle Michel
And kiss your sister Kate.
'Tis many a year since last we swung
Upon the garden gate.

Shake hands with your uncle Paddy
And kiss the Colleens all.
You're as welcome home as the
Flowers of May.
To your dear old Donegal.

"A HEART."

*Lines suggested from meeting a Norwegian at
Cooking Lake, Alberta.*

What would you think of a man or a mart
That was all head and no heart,
In whose stoic face and mighty brain
Came only logic — an endless chain?

Go to the butcher and buy a heart
And imagined your thrilled by Cupids dart.
Or get off the earth where long you have fed.
For a sour logician is better dead.

It's the same with your watch and clock, when they
are true.

They count the days and hours for you.
Do you bear the light of your Lord in your face,
Or to the flesh and the Devil are you in the right
place.

Oft where troubles are most they seem least,
For a merry heart is a continual fest.
For whatever you think in your inmost heart
Will be seen in your face and every part.

RHYME AND REASON FOR McGAVIN'S BREAD.

To every house, to every home,
The truth at last must surely come.
That McGavin's Bread has come to bless
Our homes with health and happiness.

If you should live to love and learn
That golden fortunes you can earn
When health's the highway of desire
And appetite the glorious fire.

The sour dough or half baked bread
Cause many ills 'tis truly said
But you can demonstrate the test
That McGavin's Bread is now the best.

It's progressive methods that we find
That force our products on mankind,
For quality is our great intent
Which gives good health and sweet content.

The children leap to see it come
The bread for every happy home,
The Purest and best ingredients known
Made by a process all our own.

MAYOR W. J. McNAMARA.

Edmonton 1914.

Our charming mayor has been enjoying the balmy air of some distant clime in our mid-winter time. So here's a health to his wit and wealth and we'll never squeek if he takes a holiday every week for his expenses while away are say, about \$50 per day; but what's that to us, no not a cuss, for this year we'll have everything in rhyme because its very deeds will be landmarks for all time so listen when we're on the prowl of the Saxon lion's mighty growl.

ALBERTA HOGS.

Dedicated to Paddy Burns, CalgaryQ.

Our patriotic Paddy Burns,
Who loves his country so,
Gave fifty thousand dollars
Out of his hard earned dough,
To send our noble soldiers
Away across the sea.
He dropped the hogs one cent a pound
And bacon went up three.

Since Paddy buys the hogs so cheap,
When bacon is so high,
And the workers get no bigger wage,
Who is it buys the pie
To feed our noble warriors
Away across the sea?
Who pays the fifty thousand bricks
Is very plain to see.

But why blame poor old Paddy
For living at his ease?
Why not vote for the working man
And own the whole darn cheese.
Then farmers will get prices fair
And bacon will be low.
And no more hired warriors
Across the sea will go!

DON'T BE TAZING ME.

I'm after axin' Biddy dear,
And then he stopped awhile
To fringe his words the merest mite,
With something of a smile,
A smile that found its image
In a face of beauteous mould,
Whose liquid eyes were peeping
From a broidery of gold.

I come to ax ye, Biddy dear,
If, — then he stopped awhile, —
As if his heart had bubbled o'er
And overflowed his brain.
His lips were twitching nervously
O'er what he had to tell,
And timed the quavers with the eyes
That gently rose and fell.

"I've come" — and then he took her hands
And held them in his own,

"To ax'" — and then he watched the buds
That on her cheeks had blown,
"Me purty dear" — and then he heard
The throbbing of her heart
That told how love had entered in
And claimed its every part.

"Och, don't be tazing me," said she,
With just the faintest sigh.
I'm far from bloind, I see you've come
But fhat's the reason why',
To ax' — and once again the tongue
Forbade its sweets to tell,
To ax' — if Mrs. Mulligan
Has any Pigs to sell!

